22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Sunday night.

My Violet

Father is worse today. Wilson thinks he can't get over it. His temp. is 103 & his pulse is very bad. Wilson says he thinks it probable that he will not live a week. He is so much exhausted. Except for the weakness he has no pain, & even discomfort, & he speaks like himself, only he is terribly weak. Wilson comes tomorrow at 9.30 & will be able to tell us more then, & what we ought to do about sending for Adrian. Henry

is much better; & of course now there can be no question of sending for a new one. &c.

I know that death is what he wants - but Oh Lord, it is hard my Violet.

NYPL

With telegraph after When has been.

Ever &.

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Thursday night.

My Violet.

Wilson thought Father weaker this morning - his pulse not so good. His temp. has been 100 each day; at 2 A.M. it goes up to 102 Wilson thinks the temp. may go down as it did before - but I don't know whether Father will be able to live through the weakness which must come afterwards. He has been asleep most of today, very quietly. He sleeps more & more, but is perfectly conscious when he wakes.

I think he gets weaker every day —
he takes nothing but a little
milk & meat juice. & that with
difficulty. But in a way I
feel happier about him — he is less
able to think & to worry — & that
is the worst thing. But however
you look at it, it is a miserable
time. If he had died at first it
would have been easier, but now one
has to give up more — I mean all
these days he has been there & able
to talk a little, & one has had time
to think — however I know I shall
be glad for him.
We have been tramping Bloomsbury

this afternoon with Beatrice & Starving up at Dingy Lounges. There are lots to be had - but Lord how dreary! It seems so far away, & so cold & gloomy - but that was due to the dark & the cold I expect. Really we shall never get a house we like so well as this, but it is better to go.

We are the queer family in London - talk & laugh as though nothing were happening. Adrian & Thoby are going to sing the new fear in, we should never get on without this kind of thing.

I write letters all about ourselves, Dont really hurry back & because of us - It will make Lytton & Lady Strachey angry - & there's no real reason

Except that we want you, which is not sufficient.

The Lungs are rather bothersome, but have now settled to dignity & silence, which is peaceful at anyrate. Faith is perplexed, I think a little tried by it all.

NYPL

Father is seeing Drevey only for
his own peace of mind - because
he wont believe 22, HYDE PARK GATE, S.W.
that Seton is right in thinking
Lemi better. He says there is no
chance of operation - Seton
I mean -
Dey woman.

Rosa is going away
early on Friday till monday
so that we couldn't come
to lunch. Friday week is a
long time off - Couldn't you
manage to before that -
Otherwise stick to Friday week.
I hope your Grindey are all
right - & the rest of your work
week oiled. Father is seeing
Drevey tomorrow, & we are
pretty well fundamental
Relations. So Goodbye

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

Dear Violet,

I'm afraid your Cold must be worse. — Beatrice didn't come & we had no news. Father has still some fever — just too all day, & it goes up at night, but Wilson doesn't seem to think it means anything. They really expect another violent attack like the first, I think — but he says he sees no signs yet. He is very tired today but saw two or three people. He has been asleep almost all day, till tea time, hardly reading at all.

I do hope you aren't really bad —

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

I don't know nothing about green coats -
what they was to.

Kathy away - Jack back - Snow
Compact. Beatrix deserted -
various callers, infinitely dull.
Nessa begins Academy on Wed: probably
will - seems the best thing to do,
& shall set to work steadily at my
Greek - I suppose we shall come
thro' somehow - but it is
marvellously hard - I never thought
to have to go through all this -

Mary Ward, take care.

Yr affy

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

My Violet

Here is your letter. Read it with a inquiring glass it for like & send it back - & see that I was entirely right. What could poor Spurrey have done under the circumstances? Really I couldn't evolve the solid & the Jorgue & the three pounds of soft from these materials.

Yesterday was a great refreshment bodily & spiritual. If I could live in your Cottage I should turn Saint. Would for be

32, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

careful to explain upon your
husband not to talk a word
to anybody about possible changes in
our family? If George or
Gerald, even, were to hear
anything of the kind they would
be horrified, & make them much
more difficult. Gerald was
anxious that we should not
talk to anyone, until he had
settled things with George -
Of course it doesn't matter about
your talking to your husband -
& I know he won't repeat - only
I am always in difficulties
from indiscretions! (poor Spain!)
&c &c